

The Sun

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If our friends who favor us with manuscripts and illustrations for publication will be so kind as to send them to the Editor, in all cases and stamps for that purpose.

The Issue of Character.

Half a dozen correspondents have asked THE SUN to add to the numerous catalogues, already compiled and now current, its own special list of the ten, twenty or fifty best reasons for voting Wilson out and Hughes in on November 7.

We suppose we could construct a list of five hundred such reasons, for the stock of raw material is practically inexhaustible.

This is scarcely necessary. We shall content ourselves with inviting renewed attention to the one supreme, sufficient, all comprehensive issue of the election.

Its outlines are coming into sharper focus every day as the time for the ballot approaches. The supreme issue is the plain and intelligible question involved in the marked contrast between two personalities.

1. Intelligence without character.
2. Character without intelligence.
Number One is Woodrow Wilson. Number Two is Charles Evans Hughes. Every voter knows or ought to know the difference.

We are using the word character in the broad sense recognized by the lexicographers.

As the Pro-American Sees It.

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES in both public and private utterances has stood for complete, unyielding and instant insistence on American rights.

Woodrow Wilson, under the pressure of national sentiment, finally made a half-hearted stand for American rights violated by Germany.

Mr. Hughes stands for the enforcement of American rights against Germany, Great Britain, on the high seas, in Mexico and everywhere else.

Mr. Wilson has failed to enforce American rights on the high seas or against Great Britain, and he has deliberately sacrificed them in Mexico.

Mr. Hughes has given audience to all sorts and conditions of men, among them men who want to see American rights enforced against one country as well as another.

Mr. Wilson has denounced certain men who truthfully accuse him of not having enforced American rights impartially against every nation and in all lands, and on all waters. Such men he calls "disloyal." Such men he calls pro-Germans.

They are not all pro-Germans, Mr. Wilson. How about the millions of pro-Americans who want to see American rights enforced in Mexico? Dare you call them "disloyal"? No; you assure them that you were serving Humanity, and over the bodies of slain American men, women and children you ask for American votes!

Truth as a High Explosive.
The American poet who is at present most thoroughly non grata to the Administration is WILLIAM CUTLER BRYANT, who asserted that "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again." President Wilson and his Cabinet have discovered that not only was BRYANT right in his assertion that facts are bound to force themselves forward into the light, but they have learned to their sorrow that there is not a pigeonhole in Washington that can keep a state secret for any great length of time.

Some time ago Judge Advocate-General CROWDER, forced to pass upon certain questions arising from the presence of United States troops in Mexico, decreed that this country has been, for a long while past, technically at war with our neighboring republic. The Administration realized, with a feeling of consternation, that this decision knocked its one best claim to continuance in power into a cocked hat. It had based its demand for the approval of the American electorate upon the sweeping assertion that, in a time of stress and unrest in the world at large, it had managed to keep this nation at peace. Statistics showing that this so-called peace had been more costly in men and money than the Spanish war had not been sufficient to prove to a large number of careless minded Americans that the Wilson type of pacifism is a delusion and a snare. But the pronouncement by the highest judicial authority on military legal problems in the land that we are, and have been, at war with Mexico was recognized instantly at the White House as a high explosive shell whose burning fuse must be at once put out or results disastrous to the Wilson campaign were sure to ensue. Every effort was made, therefore, by the Administration to prevent General CROWDER's decision from being published until after election.

This policy of suppression has been

ineffective, and Democratic national headquarters is in a panic over the probable effect that the Advocate-General's ruling will have upon a nation that has never failed to punish public officials who tried to deceive it.

There are several pigeonholes at Washington at present whose secrets the Administration is striving frantically to suppress until after November 7. One of them contains important documents regarding the Lusitania outrage. Another is packed with the grimly humorous minutes of the so-called Mexican Peace Conference.

There is still another filled with facts and figures regarding the appalling conditions prevailing below our southern border. If the pigeonholes of the Navy Department should give up their contents to the public a chill of apprehension would afflict the veins of our people. Our State and War Departments hold in their hidden archives scraps of paper that would be, to put it mildly, most interesting reading to what is supposed to be a self-governing nation.

Can it be possible that an Administration which by methods unknown to its predecessors in high office deliberately endeavors to conceal from the people of this country facts that they are entitled to know can expect the sanction of the voters next month? A Government that is false in one thing is false in all. The peril that confronts this country from an Administration that has endeavored to fool all the people all the time, and has juggled the words "war" and "peace" in a most unprincipled and pernicious manner, is so grave that our national welfare demands its complete overthrow, the redemption of White House and Congress on the seventh day of November, 1916.

Proposition Number One.

A week from next Tuesday the citizens of New York will have the chance to vote upon a question about which Democrats and Republicans may agree and act together for the benefit of the Empire State.

Proposition Number One presents to the people for their approval a bond issue of \$10,000,000 for the actual purchase of land for State park purposes; in the Adirondacks, in the Catskills and in connection with the New York part of the Palisades Interstate Park.

If this bond issue is approved on election day the proposal is to use \$7,500,000 of the money up State and \$2,500,000 for the extension of the Palisades Park. Up State the land will be used for conservation as well as for park purposes; the project, however, directly concerns the people of this metropolis, inasmuch as it is the opinion of experts that within twenty years the city will have to begin to draw on the Adirondack preserves for water supply.

As to the Palisades Park, made possible originally by the generosity of Mrs. HARRIMAN and other private benefactors, and so splendidly developed in recent years under the energetic and far sighted direction of the New York and the New Jersey commissions, it is no secret that the appropriation of \$2,500,000 by the State for land purchase will bring donations to an equal amount from private individuals for additional extension of park territory and for developing and beautifying the entire tract.

People in this State and in New Jersey are only beginning to understand the value and the enormous practical significance of the work accomplished by the two commissions. We have close at hand one of the most magnificent pleasure grounds in the whole world, and its further improvement is not only a demand of present interest but also of duty to the next generation, which by this measure will pay its part.

Let there be no doubt in the mind of any New Yorker, up State or down State, about the propriety of voting Yes on Proposition Number One.

Election Betting Odds Sometimes Misleading.

Betting odds in this city have not always been an index to what is going to happen on election day. To go back to the Cleveland-Harrison campaign of 1892, which ended in a tremendous landslide for the Democratic candidate, even money was quoted in the last days of the contest. Mr. CLEVELAND carried States that gave him 277 electoral votes, and President HARRISON received 145.

When President ROOSEVELT swept the country in 1904 odds of 2 to 1 were given in this city that D-CAV. HERRICK, the Democratic candidate for Governor, would defeat Higgins, the Republican candidate. But Mr. Higgins won by a plurality of 80,560. Two years ago, in 1914, the odds on the Senatorial contest were 3 to 1 that Ambassador GERARD would be chosen by voters appreciative of his excellent work as a neutral in Berlin, but young Mr. WADSWORTH, whose greatest honor had been the Speakership at Albany, led the poll by 67,693 votes, so that he had practically a walkover.

Colonel Roosevelt on Preparedness.

Although he was a volunteer, and not a regular, in the Spanish war, Colonel ROOSEVELT has never approved of the federalization of the National Guard by the Hay law, and at Denver yesterday he told his audience what he thought of the "political military legislation" of Mr. WILSON and his party at the recent session of Congress. It is true, as he said, that "they were not really interested in the defense of their country, and thought only of their own political fortunes in the immediate future."

The militia pay feature of the army law was proposed and urged by a

lobby of officers of higher rank, who disingenuously, if not unscrupulously, represented that the National Guard was in such a state of inefficiency that federalization with a liberal pay scale would soon convert it into a body of troops fit to take its place in the first line of defence. But the mobilization of the Guard for duty on the border was a painful revelation of inefficiency, defective equipment and unreadiness, a regiment here and there excepted. Colonel ROOSEVELT told the story when he said at Denver:

"After ten days of maximum effort just 12 per cent. of the men were started for the border. Over 30 per cent. of the Guard were found to be unfit for duty. Many of the men who started for the border had never received a single day's training. Many had never fired a rifle. Most of the cavalry regiments had no horses. Half the artillery batteries had no guns."

The result is that everybody knows now that our only first line troops are the regulars. It will take from two to three years to bring them up to the strength contemplated by the reorganization plan, and the entire complement of effectives will be less than 150,000 men, a force that would deter no hostile military Power from invading the United States or seizing its overseas territory. Colonel ROOSEVELT contends that "the legislation of the last session should be repeated and the word of preparedness entered upon with serious purpose." Perhaps to remodel or recast it would be the better procedure, and, at any rate, the idea of making the National Guard first line troops should be abandoned as impracticable. It was conceived by Democratic politicians, who did not look beyond the election of November 7. The irony of the situation is that federalization has already proved a boomerang, for the guardsmen sent to the border consider themselves the victims of a confidence game and yearn to get even with the Administration at the polls.

The Continental Army scheme having been discarded, the only alternative if the country is to be prepared for war—"it is folly," declares Colonel ROOSEVELT, "to say that we shall never be engaged in war"—is some form of universal training on the Swiss model, which would be "a healthy and efficient antiseptic to militarism." If the nation is really in earnest about preparedness, it will not shrink from a system of universal training. Once entered upon, it would never be abandoned, for it would prove not only beneficial in peace and protective in war, but, as Colonel ROOSEVELT happily says, "emphatically American, emphatically democratic, emphatically anti-militaristic."

Small Business.

The Times yesterday morning, six years after the death of WILLIAM SYDNEY PORTER (O. HENRY), published the story of his imprisonment in the Ohio penitentiary for three years and three months for embezzlement. "This surprising fact has just come to light," says the Times.

In the Times error. Many of O. HENRY's admirers and perhaps all of his friends knew the details as completely as they were printed. Any one of them might have published them years ago if he could have found a publisher.

A reader and admirer of O. HENRY at the time of his death watched the columns of the papers of this country to see what would be said of this incident of his career. Few newspapers even briefly mentioned it. So far as he could see, not a paper in Texas, where the facts of his trial, conviction and sentence were matters of court record, referred to his imprisonment.

A newspaper at Columbus, Ohio, where O. HENRY served his sentence of imprisonment, attempted a "front page sensation" by printing his prison record and his picture as a convict. If there was a journal in this country that reprinted in full or in part this article it did not fall under this reader's notice. Several papers at the time referred editorially to the refusal to heed after his death the reputation of a man "who had made good" as a fine example of the fairness and decency of the American newspaper press.

To dig up this incident now and to attempt to make of it a newspaper sensation and an advertisement for a forthcoming book is small business. Very small business.

The Midweek Matinee.

To answer the question of a correspondent in Passaic, "Why are all or most of the matinees on Wednesday?" compels us to dive into the realms of mathematics, economics, custom and sociology. It is assumed, of course, that the correspondent refers to the theatres which give only eight performances a week, disregarding the two a day houses and the homes of those established stars who refuse to work more than one afternoon.

There are, our calendar tells us, seven days in a week. The centre of seven objects in a line is the fourth, and the fourth day of the week is Wednesday. So mathematically Wednesday is the right day. The economic superiority of Wednesday over Thursday comes from the fact that, as weekly paydays fall as a rule at the beginning or the end of the week, there is more money in the public pocket on Wednesday than on Thursday. Tuesday would be a good matinee day, from the financial point, but Tuesday seems too close to the preceding Saturday.

In those old days when people had hired girls, Thursday was the girl's night out, and the custom prevails in many households. Many women would not care to go to a matinee and then hurry home to the work of

getting dinner. The fourth point against the Thursday matinee was the social custom, perhaps now extinct, of the serious young man's call upon his beloved. Why Thursday night was devoted to Enos we cannot say; perhaps it grew out of the times when Thursday was prayer meeting night and the young folks held hands along the way home.

At least four of the theatres of the first class have abandoned the Wednesday matinee in favor of the Thursday, presumably to accommodate persons like the Passaic lady who are not free on the fourth day. One theatre has chosen Friday and Saturday for its matinee performances. Others will give us in time, no doubt, Monday matinees. But for the present Wednesday is the logically favored afternoon.

October.

These are days when every lad should be in a cornfield, making a wigwag out of a cornstalk, and sending field mice scampering. Pumpkins have been gathered; a good thing, for there might be no decent pies for these frosty nights are hard upon the vine. It is no matter whether you walk or ride along the highways. In either case the keen air makes tobacco as appetizing as those smokes that STEVENSON describes in "Travels With a Donkey." Like him you may sink on pine carpeted woodland and inhale the balsam along with "as good a cigarette as ever I remember."

If GOVERNOR WHITMAN has accomplished "no constructive achievement of any kind," as Mr. SEABURY says, why does Mr. SEABURY talk about repealing various measures enacted at Governor WHITMAN's instance?

The directions at the top of the first bar of the Shadow Lawn Waltz are said to require it to be played "very sincerely and cordially."

Anyway, as we understand it, Secretary of War BAKER does not assert that the rascally men of 1776 were too proud to fight.

More than 700,000 women have registered as Presidential voters in Illinois. The vast majority of them are for HUGHES because he declares that woman suffrage is a national rather than a State matter. They will vote to enfranchise all the women of the country by the quickest and most logical method.

The Republican campaign leaders are having no difficulty now in convincing the women voters in the enfranchised States that Woodrow Wilson did not keep us out of war.

If the President had a few more Cabinet officers on the stump even the Southern States would be on the doubtful list.

Why doesn't President Wilson send a punitive expedition into the War Department to avenge our beehived Revolutionary heroes?

The winning of a military cross by BILL O'HARA, the old Giant, for proficiency in hurling bombs into German trenches on the Somme, is not likely to attract our plutocratic baseball heroes to the firing line in Europe, but what deadly bomb throwers the Red Sox infielders would be!

SIR JOSEPH BERNHARDT'S advertising methods were sometimes harder to swallow than his pills.

J. FRANK HANLY, the Prohibition candidate for President, says that Mr. WILSON has changed his mind upon every question but the liquor question. Mr. HANLY should remember that the prohibition vote is comparatively small, very small.

Preparedness is the costliest thing in which a nation can indulge if it pays for it and doesn't get it.

VILLA manages to leave his opponents more dead than alive.

It was a cold day for the Administration when Secretary of War BAKER despatched the Spirit of '76 to Shadow Lawn.

The only member of President Wilson's official family who hasn't been obliged to eat his words recently is Colonel HORTON—and he never talks.

COMMENT ON COMMENT.

A North Carolina Business Man's View of Dr. Eliot.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: It is certainly a pitiable that such a man as Dr. Charles W. Eliot is writing as he does about President Wilson's consummate service to the American people. The practical working of the reserve banks should convince Dr. Eliot of his error and lead him back to the Republican party, where he rightfully belongs.

W. B. NORTHUP.
ASHEVILLE, N. C., October 22.

Fatal Admissions.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The Evening Post in its number of Saturday says of its idol, the President:

"In Mr. Wilson's case much needs to be forgiven. The Evening Post neither regrets nor withdraws the criticisms which it has passed upon him. He has been, in many ways, politically unstable. He has been mentally inconsistent. He has done some things to shock the moral sense."

And then it goes on practically to say, in extension, that if the mob shouts approval all these things may be forgiven.

It did not say that about Roosevelt and Bryan when the mob shouted approval at them, but of course Wilson is a law unto himself. However, if the Evening Post can be led to these admissions about his hero it doesn't matter in the least what else it says. Without his organ so intending it the admissions are absolutely fatal.

H. R.
New York, October 23.

Different Men With Different Buttons.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: "I, A. A." statement in THE SUN of Monday that he had seen but one man with a Wilson button is absurd. He must be blind, as I have seen different men with different buttons. I have seen at least half a dozen different kinds of Wilson buttons, which I like far better than the Hughes Alliance button.

So three cheers for President Wilson, the man of the hour.
L. A. L.
New York, October 24.

MAN, PONY JANI!

The 6:24 pulled out of the terminal crowded with late commuters. Through the yards, over the trestle and into the tunnel it pursued its familiar way. But at the inland portal of the bore the covey of the locomotive while the truck wheels left the rails and bumped along over the ties. The engineer shut off the power and set the brakes. The train stopped.

Train crew, trackmen and a few passengers climbed down to inspect the derailed engine. As the delay continued they were joined by others. All gazed reflectively at the helpless mass of iron and steel. Then one bolder than the others walked to the pilot, put his hands on the bullnose, braced his feet and shoved with all his strength. Three times he tried to restore the locomotive to the track. Then he shook his head, struck his hands smartly together to dislodge the dust that was on them and stepped back into the ring of silent watchers.

Another man came forward. He too tried himself against the resistance on the great iron horse and tried by sheer muscular exertion to restore it to the metals. He failed like the pioneer in this hopeless task, and slowly returned to the group by the track side. Another succeeded him, and to him too the same fate befell.

A group of men, clerks, stenographers, executives, had learned by experiment that none of them was equal to the task for which the railroad company maintains great cranes and wrecking crews of trained engineers, skilful foremen and expert trainmen. They waited until the train appeared to take the stranded passengers away. They were late in arriving at their homes, but among them were a few valiant souls who had shown their good will; and nobody had laughed at them.

GYROSCOPES UPHOLD BILL.

Eric Propels a Scientific Triumph in the Great Search.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The morning Eric and I joined Bill by appointment in a cafe, preparatory to a day's search for my lost father-in-law. By what later proved a fortunate chance, on my way I happened to pass a street pedler who was selling those gyroscopic tops which are half a toy and half a crutch. I was due to the milk strike. These strikes seem to be making trouble for almost every one. There was no milk to be had in the cafe and so Bill had to go without his morning milk punch. It seems he had had in his place an old fashioned whiskey cocktail, Scotch and soda, a bottle of beer and a Tom Collins, besides a couple of musty ale at this before Eric and I arrived.

Now I have always maintained that Bill is never drunk, and even that morning it was true of him from his neck up. He knew what he was doing, but he was not walking without staggering fearfully. For a few minutes I was at a loss to know what to do. We must start out. The search for the blonde must not be put off. Many sympathetic people, and a few others, have expressed anxiety about him, and I was due to the milk strike. I can find her. Necessity is as much the mother of ideas as she is of invention. Hastily chaining Eric to Bill's foot as he sat at the table, I hurried out. Eric tried to follow but only succeeded in seating Bill on the floor and covering him with a chair.

The "forward" I found found the vendor of the gyroscopic tops. I purchased another and hurried back. These tops come in stout square boxes, and it is possible for the top to spin quite a few minutes even when enclosed in its box. I set both tops going, put each in a bag and introduced one in the bill of Eric's pockets. Getting Bill on his feet, I gave him a push. The experiment was a great success. Bill could walk. Not only that, but he couldn't fall down if he wanted to. You could give him a push that would knock a horse man over, and Bill would be still on his feet. He was nearly touched the floor, but by virtue of the spinning gyroscopes, one on each side, he would automatically right up again. The only remaining problem was to supply Bill with motive power. He knew enough to put one foot in front of the other, but he was puzzled, but that was all. I solved this difficulty by fastening Eric's chain to Bill's belt.

So after several drinks to get up courage and with the gyroscopes in Bill's pockets, freshly wound up, Bill, towed by Eric, and I started for the milk strike. The milkmen were ever walking more upright than Bill. Once when Eric saw a cat, Bill quite helplessly encoiled an ash barrel three times at high speed before I could get Eric by the collar and set him straight. Soon after that Bill began to wobble and I knew that the gyroscopes were losing power. I got him into a cafe in time to seat him in a chair before they stopped altogether. After having a drink and rewinding the gyroscopes, we started out again. So we made our way, continuing the search. Bill at this time was not much aid to me. He was too much worried about his gyroscopes lest they stop.

Once they did, and Bill promptly sat down in the middle of the sidewalk. A crowd collected and laughed as I re-wound the tops. In my nervousness, I put both gyroscopes in Bill's right hand pocket and got him into a cafe in time to seat him in a chair before they stopped altogether. After having a drink and rewinding the gyroscopes, we started out again. So we made our way, continuing the search. Bill at this time was not much aid to me. He was too much worried about his gyroscopes lest they stop.

When Woodrow was walking the White House one day, Bill Bryan came to him, and thus he did say:

"You must make all your speeches as precisely as possible. Let some one else like the daffy down dills that grow at our feet."

How are we to know when you mean what you say?
How are we to know when you mean what you say?
How are we to know when you mean what you say?
With your words and your actions con-flicting away?

"Atrocious!" said Woodrow. "Just listen to that!"

I wish I had kicked you into a cocked hat. When Harvard's ex-pres says my English is pure."

Your homely indictment I shall not endure!" (Chorus)

"O Woodrow! How can you? O what is the use To heap on your comrade such awful abuse?"

I never can stand it. O Woodrow! my dear, So I scuttled my office and gave up my chair!" (Chorus)

The sound of these words made the President laugh.

His eye lights up and he said: "No what's that?"

Auf die juke betrunken sein, das sah ich hell. "Raus mit, und schäme dich, alter Geasel!"

CHORUS.
How are we to know when you mean what you say?
How are we to know when you mean what you say?
How are we to know when you mean what you say?
With your words and your actions con-flicting away?

PARRIDGE WOODBROUGH HUGHES.
PORTKNEPPE, October 24.

Oklahoma Club Life.

From the McAllister News-Citizen.
With forty-six members in the soon club, eighty-six members in the cotton club, fourteen members in the grain sorghum club, seven members in the peanut club and twelve members in the pig club, the young farmers between 16 and 18 years of age who live in Cleveland county have been taking an active part in the development of the agricultural resources of their county.

Ginger.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: I cannot say the opinion of Mr. J. C. White that pigs be preserved in ginger. The housewife is likely to get them too gingerly, so that to eat a dish of them is to suffer from indigestion of the medicine of our childhood.
New York, October 24.

Names of Beauty, Not of Power.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The words Unistata and Unona will never do as names for the United States; but they are ideal names for Pullman cars.
Boston, Mass., October 23.

One Riddle of the Universe.

On Mr. Hughes a dreadful stigma "Cast by the World: 'The Great Enigma.' Yet the true riddle of the Sphinx is to reconcile what Joseph Pulitzer thought with what the World thinks."

A GREEK TO GREEK VOTERS.

What Citizens of Hellenic Descent Owe to Mr. Hughes.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: AS THE SUN is widely read by foreign born Americans who want accurate reports on the war and other important topics, I beg leave to present through your columns certain political views of the persons of Greek descent throughout the United States. The count in the home of about 100,000 persons of Greek parentage, 100,000 of whom are qualified to vote at the approaching election.

It is impossible to impress too strongly the duty of all naturalized Americans, including those of Greek birth, to exercise their right to vote. They cannot be good citizens unless they do; they owe it to their newly adopted cities, counties and States, as well as to the nation, to help decide the great public questions. Their entire strength should be on November 7.

While Governor Mr. Hughes appointed a commission on immigration to make a full investigation of the conditions and welfare of the aliens residing within New York State. This was the first of its kind ever appointed and served as a model for similar commissions in other States. Needless to say, this commission should be given the widest latitude for the welfare of the immigrants. On its recommendation there was established a Bureau of Industry and Immigration. This bureau had passed and enforced laws preventing exploitation, fraud and crime, and gave to every admitted alien, even though he be a pauper, the opportunity to become a self-sustaining citizen. The bureau had also passed and enforced laws preventing the prevention of steamship company frauds and the improvement of health.

In addition, those of Greek birth now have a splendid opportunity of repaying a deep debt they owe to the Republic by supporting the Presidency, Mr. Hughes. In 1909, when Governor Mr. Hughes, in 1909, the Legislature passed a bill prohibiting all Greek congregations from establishing churches in New York without first obtaining a license from the Archbishop of Russia or a Consul-General of Russia. The measure was vetoed by Governor Mr. Hughes. He has not vetoed it after seeing the wisdom of the many able arguments as presented by Mr. Vlasto, editor of the Atlanta, and numerous other Greeks and other organizations throughout the United States. Let us now show our appreciation to Mr. Hughes.

SOTERIOS NICHOLSON.
WASHINGTON, D. C., October 24.

An Unusual Request From Puerto Rico.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: A New York woman visiting Puerto Rico has a brain disorder, she does not remedy and threatens insanity.

She believes in and lectures on telepathy.

Will you print a request in your paper that readers repeat "Get well, Tel." Get well, Tel." as often as they care to say it.

Such a prayer from many persons, she feels, will check the ailment. Humanity excuses my liberty.

A. CRETIS BOND.
SAN JUAN, P. R., October 17.

Cycle Dactyls in the Campaign.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The recent admirable writings of John Hancock, Jr., have heroic, epic tone. More power to him. They should be reprinted for campaign documents.

Like Homer he uses the bold hexameter for argument and description, but when he comes to conclusions, like Homer, he makes use of the cycle dactyl, which returns again and again in his discourse, always hammering his point home in a clever and convincing manner. For example:

"How are we to know when you mean what you say?
How are we to know when you mean what you say?
How are we to know when you mean what you say?
With your words and your actions con-flicting away?"

The above is quite a metrical line and after struggling with it and analyzing it to find a familiar air, the old one of "Wilkins and His Din